

Sunday Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : EDITOR.

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THE TRIUMPH OF TRINIDAD.

The London Times of recent date published a letter from a correspondent in Trinidad, West Indies, which teaches some lessons of value to Hawaii. Says the writer: "At a time when the majority of the West India Islands are groaning under the consequences of depression in the sugar trade and are looking with lingering hope to the operation of the abolition of foreign bounties, Trinidad may be described as in a state of booming prosperity. Sweet are the uses of adversity. A quarter of a century ago, when the pinching of the shoe of the cane-planter was first felt, Trinidad, like her sister islands, was chiefly dependent on the sugar market. This failing then, the inhabitants did not fold their hands and lament their evil lot. Endowed with the inheritance of a fertile country, they resolved to cultivate some product other than that which had enriched their fathers. They found it at hand in the cocoa plant, the yield from which, in addition to other sources of revenue exceeds the most sanguine expectations of 30 years ago."

The Trinidad planters had much to contend with. The manumission of the slaves left them without dependable labor, for the freedmen would only work long enough in the week to get money to support them for the rest of the time. The drop in sugar discouraged them still more. Coolies were imported to solve the labor question under penal contracts at fair wages for five years and, in case of ten year contracts, to have additional compensation in the way of land allotment. Most of them take the land and set up as sugar planters or cocoa growers; and the Royal Commission which visited the West Indies in 1897 declared after viewing this experiment, that, in the creation of a race of peasant proprietors, was the salvation of Trinidad and all the other West Indian islands.

Today cocoa is doing for Trinidad more than sugar or any other crop. The area of the island under cocoa cultivation is twice that under sugar and is steadily extending. The value of the sugar crop last year was something like \$160,000 below the average of the preceding quarter of a century. Cocoa exceeded the average of the same period by nearly \$400,000. For the peasant proprietor, with his infinitesimal capital, the cultivation of cocoa is much more conformable to circumstances than is the growth of the sugar cane. Unlike sugar, cocoa, having been gathered from the tree and dried in the sun, does not require a process of manufacture. There is, therefore, no capital expenditure on plant, nor any bloated wages sheet. The new recruits to the ranks of peasant proprietors are, accordingly, giving their preference to growing cocoa. The result appears in the latest available return. In 1895 the export of sugar amounted in value to \$596,415. In 1900 it was reduced to \$552,158. In 1895 the export value of cocoa was \$620,634. In 1900 it was \$978,632, an increase of considerably over 50 per cent. During the same term of years the total value of exports has, in spite of depression in the sugar market, increased in the same ratio. In 1895 it was \$1,791,867. In 1900 it was \$2,511,899. There are few communities of larger growth that can show within the same space of time an increase of 30 per cent. on the value of their exports.

The lesson to Hawaii is not, of course, the creation of peasant proprietors, but of white farmers, preferably American, owning their own lands and diversifying industries. Like Trinidad this Territory has suffered from a drop in sugar prices; like Trinidad again it has the soil and climate in which to grow other crops than sugar; better than Trinidad it has free access to the neighboring American market. It remains to be seen whether Hawaii will show the wisdom of Trinidad, and —to quote the language of the London Times—"become mistress of herself, though the prices of sugar fall."

HEALTH OF WOMEN.

Why is it that the majority of women, not native to the soil, find the climate of Honolulu objectionable while the majority of men thrive in it? Why is it that the minority of the women in the transplanted class—those who are healthy and rugged here—include so many of the Portuguese?

The question was put to a dinner table philosopher yesterday and he responded—"It's because the women of Honolulu are the laziest white people on the face of the earth. They loiter around in hammocks at home when they ought to be working in the garden or climbing hills; they never do a thing which they can leave to their servants; they will always ride rather than walk and when they have a carriage they do their shopping in it and make clerks bring goods to the curbstone. Despite the fact that they don't work they manage to eat three meals a day. By and by their livers get out of order, their whole systems relax, their vitality evaporates and they need a doctor. A little hustling serum at the start would have saved them all that. As to Portuguese women they are a hard-working race and of course, save when poverty deprives them of food, are healthy and rugged. Men are active and keep well."

There is something in this, radical as the accusation seems and clear as the fact is that many complaining women are never idle. Perhaps it is no wiser to be too busy in this climate than it is to while the hours away in an easy chair or a swinging lounge. Somewhere there must be a golden mean; and most physiologists agree that for health in the tropics among women as well as men, a reasonable and regular amount of open air exercise is indispensable. Women who get it are as well as the men who get it; and those who do not get it always have harsh things to say of the climate. But after all the climate is only to blame in that it encourages sloth; one may, by preserving the active habit of northern zones, maintain here as good a hold on vitality and life as can be had in any latitude, and this irrespective of sex.

It is a pity that the bicycle for women is out of fashion and that the fad of horseback riding has not returned. The woman who wants to be well and who is not willing, by walking, to perspire in street dress, should insist on either the bicycle or the horse; or failing either, upon a certain amount of time for garden work, swimming or gymnasium exercises. If she won't do any of these things then let her accept the dictum of the dinner table philosopher that she is too lazy for her own good and stop burdening this climate of sunshine and trade-wind medicaments with the onus of her own shortcomings.

JOURNALISM AS A PURSUIT.

Now and then the Advertiser gets a letter of inquiry from some young man or woman who wants to enter journalism as a life work; and as one such letter came from Paris by a recent mail, signed by a former Honolulu, and as several applications for places are on file in this office, it may be well to set down a few general observations, which the public may share, upon the chances which journalism affords for a career.

There are three points of view about the writing part of the newspaper business from which a young man or woman may choose an outlook:

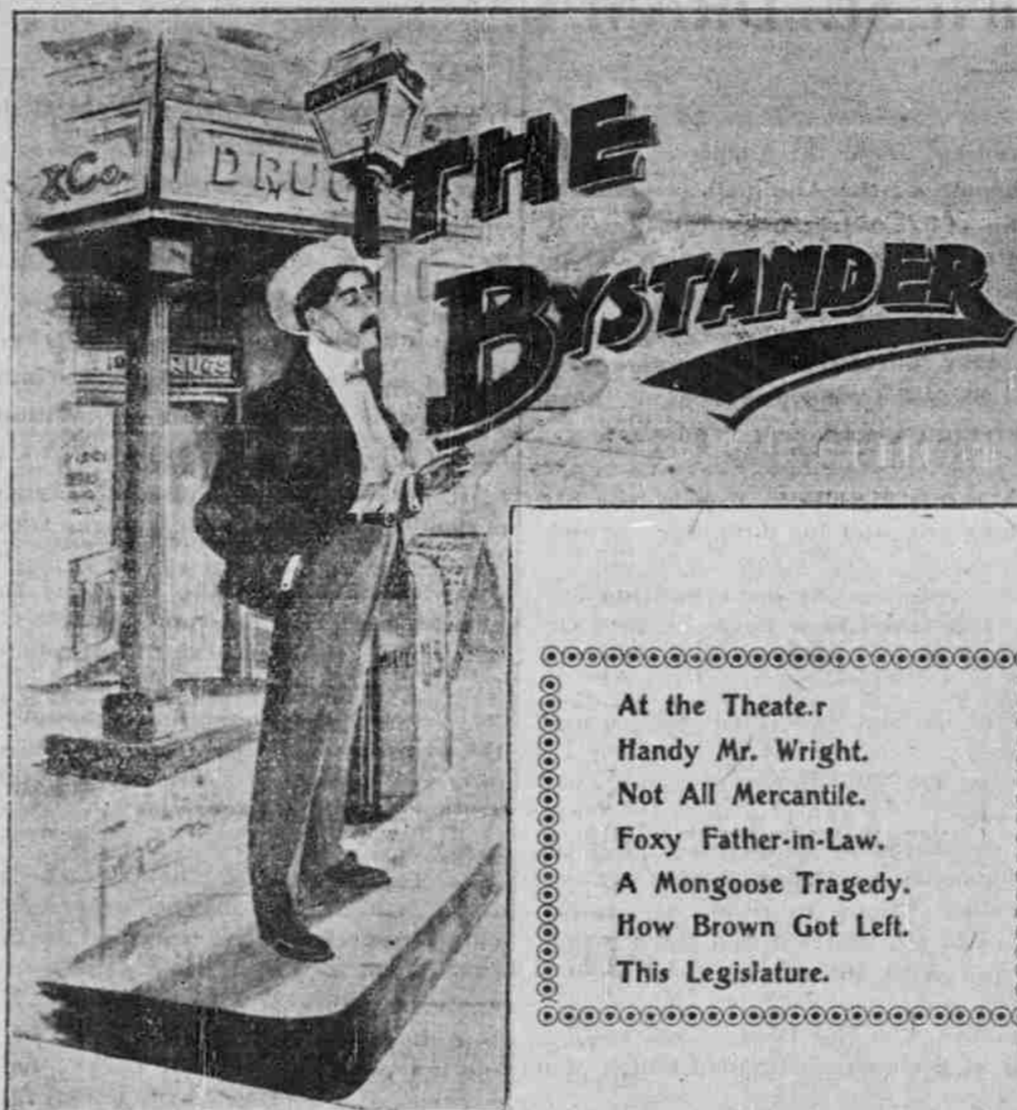
- Power in affairs.
- The making of money.
- Opportunity to do good.

Undoubtedly a newspaper writer can, if he is honest and able to get an audience, acquire a certain degree of power for himself and his paper. But it is a power of which the public expects to reap the entire benefit; for the moment it is exercised for the benefit of the writer or the visible aggrandizement of his paper, it either deteriorates or ceases to exist.

As a money-making agency, literature of either the higher and permanent or the lower and ephemeral forms is usually a failure. Most of the great writers, unless they meet with happy accidents, live on moderate incomes and leave small estates; the lesser writers usually lead precarious lives and die poor. Of the 4000 journalists in New York city only about one in a hundred retires with a competency; and unlike the lawyer, the doctor, the banker, etc., the older an editor grows in the trade the less is his value to progressive journalism. In some newspaper offices 36 is the age of retirement.

The opportunity to do good is greater in journalism than in the pulpit; for while the preacher talks to his scores every week, the newspaper influences its thousands every day. The press is taking the place of the pulpit in large sections of the country and is the best possible means of informing and directing public thought.

These are the plain facts of the matter which the youthful aspirant for a journalistic career cannot study too carefully.



At the Theater.
Handy Mr. Wright.
Not All Mercantile.
Foxy Father-in-Law.
A Mongoose Tragedy.
How Brown Got Left.
This Legislature.

At the theater:
First Duchess (from Australia)—Are you crazy, wench?
First Lady of the Bedchamber—No me loidy, I lost me polce. (Faints).
First Duchess—'Elp, 'elp! She's 'urt 'er harm!
Stage Manager (sotto voice)—O 'ell!
Audience—Same 'ere.

There are houses and houses and not all of them need be thought mercantile. Some of them never passed a package over a counter in their lives; and it was a house of this sort which I referred to last week in connection with a stock deal that did not come off. It's queer that two of the most solid, successful and conservative mercantile establishments in Honolulu—concerns that run along like a happy family on a sleigh ride—should have been annoyed by public gossip connecting them with the "Bystander" paragraph. I fancy somebody tried to worry them as a joke; but it was a poor joke at best. However, pax vobiscum! As no mercantile house was meant none need feel injured.

When it was proposed in the House to appropriate money to catch runaway embezzlers, the item was stricken out at the instance of Representative Gandall. The move on his part was not surprising. Gandall is father-in-law of the fugitive ex-Treasurer, Wm. H. Wright, and he naturally wants to tie the hands of the officers of the law, lest his own relative should be caught and added to the chain gang, where he belongs. Things have come to a pretty pass in the law-making bodies when embezzlers, reaching out from their distant hiding places, can control legislation designed to protect the public treasury from felons like themselves and to punish their own misdeeds.

As a small farmer H. M. Ayres retains the warm imaginative quality which once made him so useful to the fiction pages of the press. His latest is as good as his earlier essays in romance. "I had been losing some chickens," said Mr. Ayres, "and I concluded the other night to watch my henyard and see whether it was being visited by mongoose or cats. About eleven o'clock a couple of mongooses happened along and one of them climbed up on the ledge of the yard fence where he was even with the inside pole where the fowls roosted. The other mongoose stayed below. When all was ready the climbing mongoose split like a wildcat and the hens flew squawking to the ground where they poked their heads through the slats to see what was the matter outside. Instantly the second mongoose rushed down the line and bit off fourteen heads before the flock knew where it was at. Then both animals sucked blood until they were so full they couldn't run and I had no trouble in killing them."

Neighbor Brown tells a good story of the time when he set out methodically to win a prize offered by a local merchant. The merchant, it seems, had a big candle in his show window which he advertised to light at a certain time and permit to burn out. The prize went to the man who would guess nearest to the time taken to consume the fat column of paraffine. Brown had a system. He got a candle of the same dimensions but only one-fourth as long and found to a minute how long it lasted. It had been good for an hour and ten minutes, so he went to the store, bought something so as to get the voting franchise, and put in a guess—four hours and forty minutes. He happened around when the candle was lighted and the blamed thing went off like a burning toy balloon and only lasted a minute and a quarter.

Wilcox is coming back soon to take command of his forces, Home Rule and (Home Rule) Republican, in the Legislature. Both elements will look alike to him as they do to other people. It is understood that he will get a clerkship or a translation job or something to keep the wolf away and

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CURRENT COMMENT

W. N. ARMSTRONG

A NEW LIFE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

A new and enlarged edition of "The Life and Career of Major Andre" by Winthrop Sargeant, has just been published. It is evidence of the fact that the story of this unfortunate young officer still attracts the attention of the American people, though he was hanged as a British spy, and belongs to that class of odious men who in all countries are despised and executed in the most degraded manner. Thousands of travelers on the railroad which runs along the west bank of the Hudson river, glance out of the car window as the cars pass Tappan station in New Jersey, at the rising ground, hardly a stone's throw from the track, where this young man dangled in the air in expiation of his crime. Even so loyal an American as the late Cyrus W. Field, in his admiration of the gentle bearing and virtues of this confessed spy, erected a monument on this spot to his memory, though a local public sentiment, holding the traditions of the contempt in which his deed was held, destroyed it. Even the British freely acknowledged that his execution was just, but, in honor of the man, and not of his deed, gave him burial in Westminster Abbey.

Why, then, this interest at this late period, in a man who voluntarily accepted the most degrading office of spy? Why do many thousands of Americans find the time to read and admire much in the life of this enemy of the patriots, while thousands of those who were loyal and died in suffering for the cause, are now in forgotten graves?

It is evidence of the power which character and romance still have upon us all. Major Andre filled the measure of our definition of a gentleman, brave, loyal, educated, well bred, and fearless to the end. It is out of these qualities that romantic heroes are made in literature. Pity for his misfortune rather than hatred of his crime has predominated since the tragedy of his life closed. Intense hatred, indeed, of the treason and treachery of Arnold dominates the dislike of the man who was Arnold's victim. Washington was willing to exchange him for Arnold, an act which the British could not tolerate, because it would have been perfidious.

There was nothing in Andre's life which made him conspicuous. He was without distinction as a soldier, or a scholar. But he was a gentleman, young, gentle, and attractive. These qualities take him out of the common run of men, and glid the story of his life with rare touches of admiration and regret at his ending, though it was in its manner degrading. As the episode of his capture and execution was involved in the critical condition of the Revolutionary contest, he with the others connected with it, are conspicuous figures in that contest. Perhaps the eagerness of his captors in subsequent years to secure large rewards for their services, has given him a higher character than theirs. At any rate, Andre stands in American history as the victim of a necessary but degrading occupation, while his character relieves him from the contempt in which it is universally held and his story endures as a fascinating tale.

PRAYING TO DEATH.

The following notice appeared in the local columns of this paper last week: "Two black and white pigs have strayed into the yard of Allan Herbert, and he would like to have the owner call and get them before they do any more damage."

The malihini or stranger in these parts, does not perceive the deep hidden meaning, suggestions and warnings contained in these simple words, which do not refer to fugitive, lawless, adventurous pigs temporarily wandering from their legal residence, and unjustly trespassing on the premises of a good citizen. Behind these words is a profound meaning, which concerns our relations with the ancient religion of Hawaii, and the existence of certain fatal practices which once prevailed here, and are not now entirely closed.

Only the older kamaainas are aware of the diabolical practice of praying an enemy to death, and the effective use of the black and white pig in securing that nefarious consummation. It is the terrible story of the anana by which the sorcerers or kahunas, through their superstitious incantations, with the external use of certain articles, and the friendly co-operation of a consecrated pig, opened an untimely grave to some citizen marked for destruction. The good missionaries strove to check this unhallowed practice but it was not readily rooted out of the Polynesian beliefs, and to a limited extent is yet practiced. During the revolutionary period, 1893-98, it is said that many attempts were made by sincere but benighted natives to compass the death of President Dole, by this occult method. But the kahunas or sorcerers were reluctant to place any co-operating pigs in the President's yard, because the irreligious President, instead of complying with their wishes, would perpetually kill the pigs with sacrilegious defiance of their character, and greedily devour them at his own table; a proceeding which greatly increased the expense of praying to death.

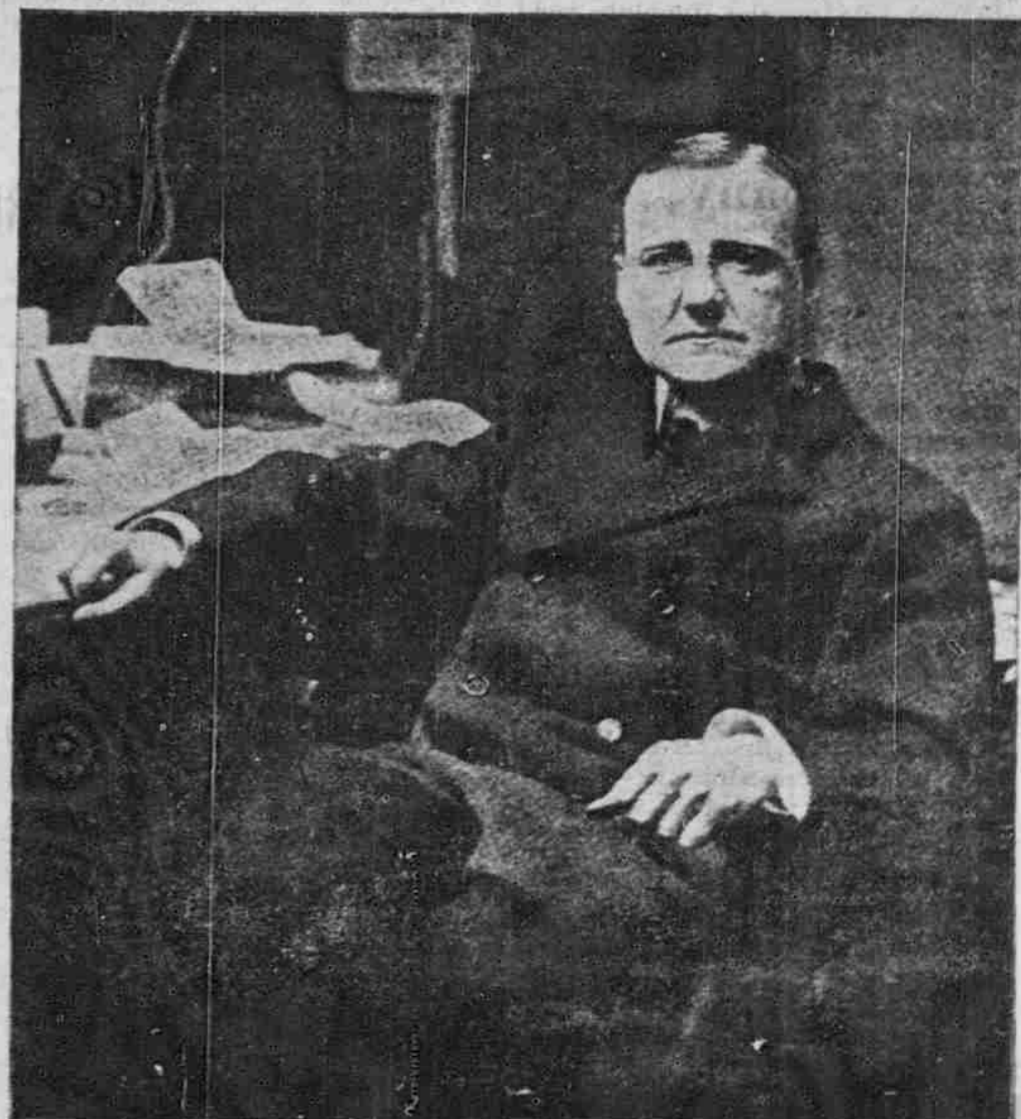
Mr. Herbert naturally objects to this ancient method of converting his

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MR. DOOLEY: "ON THE WHITE HOUSE EXPENSE ACCOUNT."

"I see be th' pa-pers," said Mr. Dooley, "that me frind Tiddy Rosenfelt is in trouble."
"What's th' matter," asked Mr. Hennessey. "Has he been run over by a thrust?"
"No," said Mr. Dooley. "He's been villatin' th' principle iv d'mocratic simplicity an' has turned in an expense

up fr'm that. But whin Thomas Jefferson come in he played th' other end iv th' game. He rode to th' White House on a horse an' hitched th' horse to a post in front an' wint in an' kicked a hole in a plush sofa left be George Wash'nton. 'Where will ye stable ye'er horse, ye'er majesty?' ast wan iv th' servants. 'In th' house,' said Thomas Jefferson. 'Anny place that



F. P. DUNNE, AUTHOR OF "MR. DOOLEY."

account that may cost him his job. I don't blame th' poor lad. He didn't know anny better. But he'd ought to 've ast some wan. Almost annybody in Wash'nton cud have tol' him th' traditions iv Jeffersonian simplicity. Ye see, Hinnissy, in th' beginnin' George Wash'nton wasn't very simple. Whin he wint up to th' White House he rode in a gould coach an' was followed be wan thousan' naygurs in uniform. If George had had his way he'd

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